### By C. M. Payne

















# October and June

A Tale of Gupid's Refusal to Enter the "Wait for Age" Class. -By O. Henry-

his sword that hung upon the wall.

In the closet near by was stored fils faded uniform stored and worn by weather and serves.

What a long, long time it seemed since those old days of war's alarms!
And now, veteran that he was of his country's atrenuous times, he had been reduced to abject surrender by a woman's soft eyes and smiling lips.

As he sat in his quiet room he held in his hand the letter that had caused him to wear that look of gloom.

He reread the fatal paragraph that

i. I am sorry to have to refer to this, but I believe that you will appreciate my honesty in giving you

this, but I believe that you will appreciate my honesty in giving you the true reason.

The Captain sighed, and leaned his hand upon his hand. Yes, there were many years between their ages.

But he was strong and rugged, he had position and wealth. Would not his love, his tender care and the advantages he could bestow upon her make her forges: the question of age?

'The Captain was a man of prompt action. In the field he had been distinguished for his decisiveness and energy.

He would see her and plead his cause again in person. Age:—what was it to come between him and the one he loved?

Ta two hours he stood ready, in light marching order, for his greatest battle.

We took the train for the old Southarn.

The Captain had lost his battle. But he was a gallant warrior, and when he rose to make his final adieu his mouth was grimly set and his shoulders were squared.

The two hours he stood ready, in light marching order, for his greatest battle. He took the train for the old Southern town in Tennessee where she lived.

Theodora Deming was on the steps of the handsome, porticeed old mansion, enjoying the summer twilight, when the Captain entered the gate and came up the gravelled walk.

Was grimly set and his snoulders were squared.

He took the train for the North that night. On the next evening he was hand in the common that the same time he was indulging in a pensive soilloupy.

from her—the letter that had caused him to wear that look of gloom.

He reread the fatal paragraph that had destroyed his hope:

In declining the honor you have done me in asking me to be your wife. I feel that I ought to speak frankly.

The reason I have for so doing is the great difference between our age.

I like you very, very much, but I am sure that our marriage would mot be a happy one.

I am sorry to have to refer to this, but I believe that you will approach to the standard of the standard one bloomacked on their march toward the sea.

How long ago it seemed now! Truly Fate and Father Time had tricked him sorrely. Just a few years interposed between himself and happiness!

"Don't take it so bard, please," she said, gently. "It's all for the best. I've reasoned it out very wisely all by myself. Some day you'll be glad I didn't marry you. It would be very nice and lovely for a while—but, just think!

"In only a few short years what dif-

## Bessie's Vacation. 6.—THEIR GUIDE

By Eleanor Schorer.



True love is a "Pelorus Jack" to Bobs and Bessies, guiding them through the dangerous channels in the sea of life.

ELEANOR SCHORER.

### Beauty Secrets By Andre Of Famous Women

RACHEL'S EYES AND THE LIPS OF MILE. MARA

CROWD that had collected on the corner of a shabby street in the city of Lyons blocked the way of two gentlemen who were haster of two gentlemen who were the shortest of the two men pushed forward. He saw two ranged little girls, one character than two ranged little girls, one character than the same two two ranged little girls.

the abandon of a giper.

The ragged little girl who
was Elizabeth Felix, afterward

the well known director of a music fand acting in Paris man, simply because he the had discovered a gentus, ragged little girl to Paris and educated for the stage. Bel Rachel was never pretty. harsh voice. But by diligent RACHEL until she could express all the par-

lighter moods; and when her face was transformed with the emotion she

was portraying, one forgot that she was a plain woman. she seemed beautiful. She was extremely skilful in the art of makeup, in which the Fre she was extremely skilful in the art of makeup, in which the French actors have always excelled. Her great soulful eyes were her chief beauty, and these she enhanced wonderfully by painting the brows and lashes with India ink steeped in rose water. This, it is said, is one of the secrets of the harem, which she learned when a little girl from a gypey from Caire.

On the stage she is said to have used a liquid rouge made of lavester vinegar, carmine and spermaceti. She always removed every trace of maked

up from her cheeks by rubbing them with cold cream made from suet and then wiping them off with white wine or toilet vinegar. And thus

astringent she kept her olive skin smooth and fine grained and it never grew coarse, as such complexions are Just as Rachel had reached the height of her fame, another woman of very different character retired from he French store with a large fortune.

This was the famous Mile. Mars, the favorite of the great Napoleon and beloved by the populace for her tal-ents as a comedienne. She would as soon be seen without her dress as without her rouge. And her pouting lips were invariably stained rose red by a lip salve which a book of memoirs of the period says was her own invention. It was made of eight ounces of



olive oil and two ounces of alkanet root, put in the sun for a week until the oil had turned a beautiful crimson. Then it was melted together with three

# Destroying Angel



A Summer Romance of New York



### By Louis Joseph Vance Author of "THE BLACK BAG," &c.

ounces of fine white wax and the same quantity of mutton sust.

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